

Good Morning

147

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

I get around

By Ronald Richards

THE Editor was speaking on the phone. I heard him say: "Oh, sorry to hear that you've had a hard time. Have you been sunk or something?"

It seems that Lieut. T. W. Lancaster, late of H.M.S. "Una," was on the other end; he had just arrived in London after a couple of weeks on a farm, and his back was still aching from hoeing.

I met Lieut. Lancaster when he left "Buck House" after collecting his D.S.O. At lunch he told me the whole sad story. Up at five—milking—washing out the stables—breakfast—five hours in the fields—a sandwich—six or seven hours more in the field—victuals at the local—embrocation on the back—and so to bed.

I enquired with some anxiety as to the brevity of his beard. I made a mistake there, because that was a very sore point. A barber, he told me, had ruthlessly cut it to within six inches of his chin. "I must try to get to Malta for a decent trim," he mused.

I was particularly glad to meet Lieut. Lancaster; apart from the pleasure of his company, he gave me news of a mutual friend on H.M.S. "Una," Sub-Lieut. John Carter, after discussing the matter of cycle lights with a certain authority, was now considering giving up cycling, he told me.

IN London's West End I said good morning to an attractive young lady. It wasn't just like that, though. I had met her some place before and just couldn't remember where. She remembered

me, and that made it more embarrassing. She said good morning, too, so I asked her how she was. She said fine, and told me she was shopping. Then, slowly, it came to me. She was a friend of a submariner. The lady was Miss Beryl Bazin; Lieut. John Steadman, of H.M.S. "Tally Ho!" introduced me to her at Richmond a couple of months earlier.

Beryl sends her love, John, and is looking forward to some letters from you. Perhaps I should give you her address, just in case you've lost it. But then, perhaps I shouldn't. Some other guy might have some spare lead in his pencil, and Beryl wouldn't like anyone else's letters but yours.

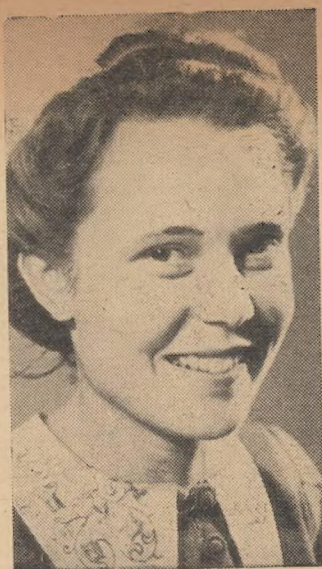
AFTER nearly four years of bitter scrambling, London taxi drivers have got together on at least one angle.

To avoid the unpleasantness resulting from refusals to accept fares when on their way home, they will carry destination boards.

Their point is that if they stop to pick up fares on the last run they frequently find themselves marooned, miles from home, because of petrol limitations.

I can think of several more and equally burning questions that require straightening out. For instance, a half-hour ride to take a stranger from Oxford Circus to Trafalgar Square, and fake "extra" charges.

I FOUND it somewhat comforting when artist Adrian Bury told me that he was frequently molested in the country when he paints



MISS BERYL BAZIN

cottages, mansions and haystacks.

"The police are very understanding, of course," he says, "but Home Guards and Civil Defence workers are so patriotic that as soon as I take out my brush they rush up to me and demand that I go with them to the police station."

Staff photographers and I frequently find the position equally impossible.

At Denham, in Buckinghamshire, where we were photographing a cottage, three policemen, a platoon of Canadian infantry and a bevy of infuriated housewives attacked us. After an hour in the local lock-up we got away.

Yes, I am glad others, and particularly artists, suffer too.

THE Sussex estate of the late Sir John Drughorn, naturalised Dutchman shipowner, was sold three times in one day.

The first auction, in the morning, was followed by a private deal in which the entire estate was re-sold. Later in the day the estate was re-auctioned.

The pre-war price was fifty thousand pounds. These recent deals saw something like four hundred and fifty thousand pounds change hands.

Down North Shields Way they're

KIPPERING THE HERRINGFOLK

THE fisherfolk on the coast of Northumberland are paring thousands of herrings and making them into kippers. Since the outbreak of war herring harvest. They are pre-

paring thousands of herrings and making them into kippers. Since the outbreak of war herring harvest. They are pre-

Always famous for its kippers, Craster has once more come into the limelight. For over a century the craft has been practised by generations of the Robson family, and although handed down, the relatives have not needed to improve the already well-devised and efficient scheme.

Most of the work is done by the womenfolk. Working in waders and rubber aprons, they clean the fish, then submerge them in a brine bath for twenty minutes. After this they are placed on metal racks and taken to the Smoke Lum—an air-tight room.

Oak chippings are strewn across the floor among sawdust, lighted, and left to smoulder for twelve hours, with the door tightly closed.

Next morning the fish are ready for packing into cases.



Picture shows two of the girls working at the brine bath.

Webster Fawcett tells how a War-time boom has come to the rescue of— GHOST TOWNS THAT LIVE AGAIN

THREE years ago Pinchi was a remote and little-visited hunting outpost in the primeval wilderness of northern British Columbia. Its main street was little more than a cow track, and you could count Pinchi on your fingers.

Pinchi was forgotten, all washed up, dreaming of the Yukon days when it formed part of the jagged trail to Dawson City.

Then something—the war need for mercury—pinched Pinchi, and woke it up.

Pinchi to-day is a thriving metropolis, a mighty centre of mining, of throbbing machines. Pinchi has more precious mercury than any other place in the British Empire.

Thus suddenly almost overnight—boom!

A few years ago, too, O'okiep was a derelict ghost town in the arid wastes of Namaqualand, in Cape Province. Over it reigned a death-like silence. Owls and bats made their homes in its buildings.

DESERTED AND GHOSTLY.

The dust on the pavements didn't give any stray traveller a hint of the days when the O'okiep copper mines had been working at high pressure, producing £20,000,000 worth of copper a year for Britain.

The place had come to a standstill when the mines ceased production in 1919. The miners, mostly Cornish-born, moved to other parts of South Africa. They left their furniture to rot in the deserted homes, the curtains still at the windows, because transport was too expensive.

Furnished, but forgotten and forlorn, O'okiep became spooky. Whisky no longer dribbled from the rushing shilling slot machines.

In the clubhouse the billiard room was left with the snooker balls of the final game.

"We'll come back one day," the miners said.

Their words have come true. O'okiep is back on the map. Life flows through it again. The mines have resounded by the call for munitions of £40,000,000 worth of copper a year.

That's how it goes with the ghost towns.

Some of them saw no life for years but the coyotes and perhaps the occasional visits of awe-stricken tourists, or maybe a movie crowd looking for a horse-opera location.

Now, thanks to their communications, water and land cheapness, they have become aviation centres for some of America's new aircraft factories.

The town named Aurora—which once burned for two days before anyone discovered it was on fire, because it had become so desolate that nobody lived there any more—has become an arms base.

Have you heard of Mount Bartlett? It could be included among the haunted towns which moulder in the mountains of Colorado—derelict since the gold diggings gave out.

The last burro trekked out of it in the last war laden with ore ingots. The ingots contained not gold but molyb-

denum, a new metal that could make tough steel tougher.

THE WORLD'S STOREHOUSE.

Trouble was, nobody knew what to do about moly. The experimental mine closed in 1919. It was quite a while before anyone discovered how it might become the world's strongest and lightest alloy. Quite a while, too, before Bartlett Mountain—the town takes its name from the peak—was found to be the greatest storehouse of molybdenum in the world.

To-day the market prices of the mine shares have swooped up to £25,000,000. With all its new modern buildings, Mount Bartlett looks like a Swiss health resort.

Then there's Oi-Mekon, which enjoyed a temporary fame, in Eastern Siberia, when Soviet scientists hailed it as the coldest town on earth. Times were when prevailing temperatures went lower than minus 102 Fahr., but the lack of wind and dryness of the air still kept the

similarly restored to new life. Does anyone remember Atlantic Park, in Hampshire? In the hectic 'twenties it became Britain's Ellis Island when America clamped down her immigration quota; and thousands of emigrants then in transit began to pile up in chaotic confusion.

For eight years, as the quota tightened, Poles, Russians, Czechs and Bulgars lived side by side at Atlantic Park. As many as 19,000 passed through in 1928.

Then, gradually, the homeless families were drafted away. Atlantic Park grew deserted. Only the weather-beaten notice-boards in their diversity of languages remained. Yet to-day, put to war use, Atlantic Park is thriving again.

I know another town on the East Coast which was used for the internment of aliens in 1918. Afterwards, for nearly 25 years, it remained eerie and deserted, with grass growing up between the paving, the



All over the world are derelict towns that are springing to life again to meet the needs of war. Let's hope they never die again.

place within the bounds of practical comfort.

Quite a lot of hospitals and sanatoria sprang up in Oi-Mekon before the boom ran out. Then they were left silent and chill. As a Soviet spa, Oi-Mekon was a back number—until a year or two ago, when the Russians required exceptional dryness for a war process.

and Oi-Mekon filled the war. Today its empty hospitals have been converted into armament works.

Hundreds of boom towns have arisen in wildernesses all over the world as a result of these same strange demands of war.

Remember how Canada, after 1918, was dotted with factory towns which had become unwanted and empty? Now the sign "Men wanted!" once more hangs at their doors.

BRITAIN'S ELLIS ISLAND.

In Britain itself strange, once-forgotten places have been

Then there was New South-wold, planned at the mouth of the Blyth to capture a giant's share of the Scottish fishing industry. Piers and quays with lighthouses and other buildings were erected, but somehow the scheme never took on.

Are there any other ghost towns you know, any other booms in yesterday's No Man's Lands? There's room for discussion here—and memories!

THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER

By EDGAR ALLEN POE

FOR several days ensuing her name was unmentioned by either Usher or myself; and during this period I was busied in earnest endeavours to alleviate the melancholy of my friend.

We painted and read together, or I listened, as if in a dream, to the wild improvisations of his speaking guitar. And thus, as a closer, and still closer intimacy admitted me more unreservedly into the recesses of his spirit, the more bitterly did I perceive the futility of all attempts at cheering a mind from which darkness, as if an infernal positive quality, poured forth upon all objects of the moral and physical universe in one unceasing radiation of gloom.

I shall ever bear about me a memory of the many solemn hours I thus spent alone with the master of the House of Usher. Yet I should fail in any attempt to convey an idea of the exact character of the studies, or of the occupations in which he involved me or led me the way.

An excited and highly dis-tempered idealism threw a sulphureous lustre over all. His long, improvised dirges will ring forever in my ears. Among other things, I hold painfully in mind a certain singular perversion and amplification of the wild air of the last waltz of Von Weber.

From the paintings over which his elaborate fancy brooded, and which grew, touch by touch, into vaguenesses at which I shuddered the more thrillingly, because I shuddered knowing not why;—from these paintings (vivid as their images now are before me) I would in vain endeavour to educe more than a small portion which should lie within the compass of merely written words.

By the utter simplicity, by the nakedness of his designs, he arrested and overawed attention. If ever mortal painted an idea that mortal was Roderick Usher. For me, at least—in the circumstances then surrounding me—there arose out of the pure abstractions which the hypochondriac contrived to throw upon his canvas an intensity of intolerable awe.

One of the phantasmagoric conceptions of my friend, partaking not so rigidly of the spirit of abstraction, may be shadowed forth, although feebly, in words.

A small picture presented the interior of an immensely long and rectangular vault or tunnel, with low walls, smooth, white, and without interruption or device. Certain accessory points of the design served well to convey the idea that this excavation lay at an exceeding depth below the surface of the earth.

No outlet was observed in any portion of its vast extent, and no torch, or other artificial source of light, was discernible,

TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



Looks slightly monkeyish, doesn't it? Of course, it isn't a monkey, it is really one of the following: Housefly, Butterfly, Wasp, Moth. Which? Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 146: Balloons.

yet a flood of intense rays rolled throughout, and bathed the whole in a ghastly and inappropriate splendour.

I have just spoken of that morbid condition of the auditory nerve which rendered all music intolerable to the sufferer, with the exception of certain effects of stringed instruments.

It was perhaps the narrow limits to which he thus confined himself upon the guitar which gave birth, in great measure, to the fantastic character of his performances. But the fervid facility of his impromptus could not be so accounted for.

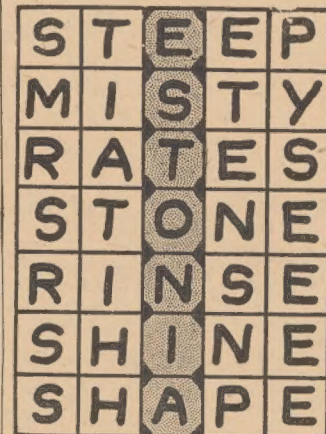
They must have been, and were, in the notes, as well as in the words of his wild fan-

tasias (for he not unfrequently accompanied himself with rhymed-verbal improvisations), the result of that intense mental collectedness and concentration to which I

stood around—above all, in the long undisturbed endurance of this arrangement, and in its reduplication in the still waters of the tarn.

Its evidence—the evidence of the sentence—was to be seen, he said (and I here started as he spoke), in the gradual yet certain condensation of an atmosphere of their own about the waters and the walls. The result was discoverable, he added, in that silent yet importunate and terrible influence which for centuries had moulded the destinies of his family, and which made him what I now saw him—what he was. Such opinions need no comment, and I will make none.

Our books—the books which for years had formed no small portion of the mental existence of the invalid—were, as might be supposed, in strict keeping with this character of phantasm.



Solution to Yesterday's Problem.

We pored together over such works as the Vervet et Char-treuse of Gresset: the Belphegor of Machiavelli; the Heaven and Hell of Swedenborg; the Subterranean Voyage of Nicholas Klimm, by Holberg; the Chirromancy of Robert Flud, of Jean D'Indagine, and of De la Chambre; the Journey into the Blue Distance of Tieck; and the City of the Sun of Campanella. One favourite volume was a small octavo edition of the Directorium Inquisitorium, by the Dominican Eymeric de Gironne; and there were passages in Pomponius Mela, about the old African Satyrs and Ægipans, over which Usher would sit dreaming for hours. His chief delight, however, was

JANE



Who is it?

He is a little fellow who has spent most of his life among fast-moving quadrupeds. Usually he wears a coloured silk shirt, with a quaint cap of red, blue or other gaudy colour, and shiny boots. Great crowds used to follow him, cheering him on his way and calling him by name to "Come on." He has a son in the same business. Who is he?

(Answer on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

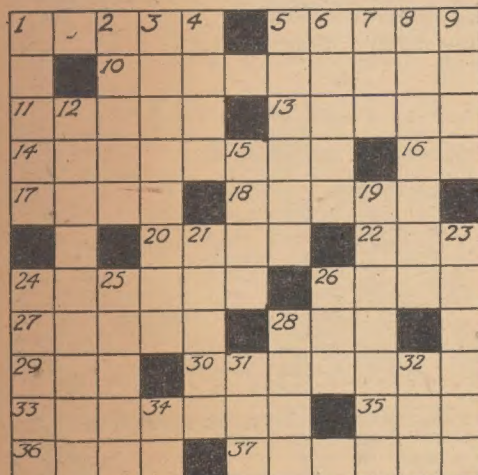
1. A water-bear is a fish, bird, mammal, animalcule, reptile?
2. Who wrote (a) If Winter Comes, (b) The Winter's Tale?
3. Which of the following is an "intruder," and why?—Pants, Vest, Combinations, Shirt, Cami-knicks, Socks.
4. Who invented the wireless valve?
5. Who said, "The proper study of mankind is Man"?
6. What is a native of Southampton called?
7. Which of the following words are mis-spelt?—Handywork, Handycap, Handycraft, Handyman, Handyness.
8. What was the name of King Arthur's legendary kingdom?
9. Who was Judith Chowles?
10. Correct the line, "Britannia rules the waves."
11. St. Paul's Cathedral was completed in 1890, 1765, 1710, 1685, 1660?
12. How did the inn sign, "Cock and Bottle," originate?

Answers to Quiz in No. 146

1. Digs.
2. (a) Ruskin, (b) Matthew Arnold.
3. Camel cigarettes are American; the others are British.
4. Italy.
5. Queen Elizabeth to the Earl of Essex.
6. An Egyptian water-lily.
7. Nincompoop, Samaritan.
8. An iron bracket fixed to the wall to hold a torch.
9. A character in Dickens's "Martin Chuzzlewit."
10. "Time and tide wait for no man."
11. Salopian.
12. 1815.

What female heart can gold despise?
What cat's avers to fish?
Thomas Gray
(1716-1771).

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

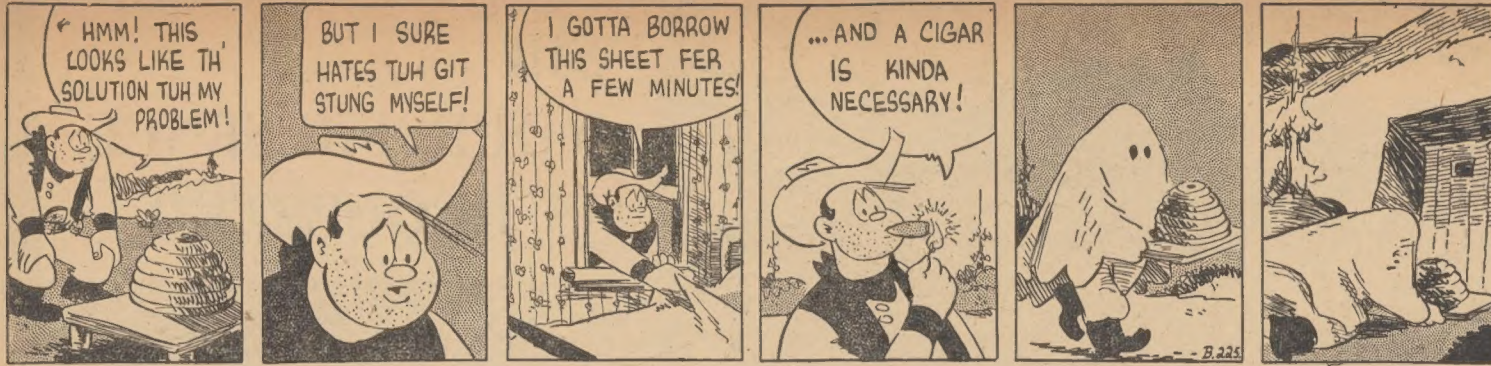
- 1 E. Kent Reg.
- 5 Defy.
- 10 Boat with outside rowlocks.
- 11 Worst fabric.
- 13 Found hidden.
- 14 Make known.
- 16 For instance.
- 17 Fat.
- 18 Registering apparatus.
- 20 Press clothes.
- 22 Fit with equipment.
- 24 Suffices.
- 26 Drink.
- 27 Pines.
- 28 Conserve.
- 29 Doubled.
- 30 Fancy.
- 33 Harmonised.
- 35 Metal.
- 36 Cry.
- 37 Stair-rail posts.

ACCESS CAPE
DRAB HEYDAY
DEPOSE ROPE
PINT AIRE
PET ROLLERS
U ABIDE E
PAL VERBOSE
GIBE TAPE
LAZING KIRK
OPEN AVENUE
WEDDED OEMY

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Foundation.
- 2 Loud.
- 3 Fleeting.
- 4 Front of ship.
- 5 Snapped.
- 6 Heron.
- 7 Past.
- 8 Brown study.
- 9 Small remnant.
- 12 Count.
- 15 Boy's name.
- 19 Old hermit.
- 21 Sticky tree exudation.
- 23 Vegetables.
- 24 Dry stalk.
- 25 Income from annuity.
- 26 Bulge.
- 28 Hard stone.
- 31 Chess pieces.
- 32 Nought.
- 34 Higher.

BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



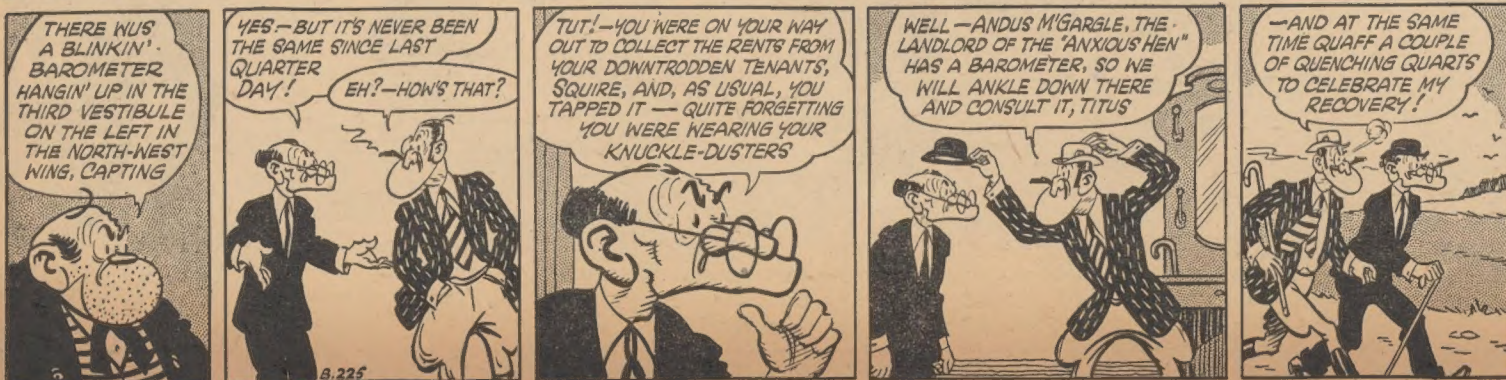
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Clubs and their Players—No. 2

By JOHN ALLEN

THE SPURS

OUT on the broad red running track that surrounds their pitch in the middle of the mighty White Hart Lane enclosure, many youthful aspirants to football fame, as well as several stars are preparing for the big games ahead.

Tottenham Hotspur, although among the three richest clubs in football—they are thought to be wealthier than their nearest rivals, Everton and Arsenal—prefer to “make” their own players.

From the little junior teams and well-known amateur clubs, Spurs of the future find their way to White Hart Lane. That is why to-day, more often than not, you will find about seven players, born within a radius of six miles of the ground, starring in Tottenham's senior side.

In 1882, several young fellows, residents of Tottenham, gathered under the flickering light of a street lamp and devised plans for the formation of a football club.

Eventually, under the leadership of three of the older youths—Robert Buckle, Sam Casey and Jack Thompson—the present organisation known all over the world as “The Spurs” was formed.

These three drew up the club's first rules, and every one of the club's eighteen members had to pay an annual subscription of one shilling. With this sum they bought a football—and made their own goalposts.

The two young carpenters who undertook this job finished by painting them blue and white—the club colours—and the local stationmaster, who took an interest in the team, agreed to look after them after every match. Tottenham then played on the marshes.

But their fame grew, and a pitch was leased in Northumberland Park. Someone then remembered that the famous Duke of Northumberland was Percy Hotspur—so the team decided to call themselves Tottenham Hotspur. Later it was cut to “Spurs.”

After several seasons as successful amateurs Tottenham became professionals—against their wishes!

One of their younger players, Ernie Payne, had the misfortune to lose his football boots. As money was scarce in the Payne household the club bought him a pair. The authorities heard of this and promptly declared the Spurs a professional organisation!

For some time Tottenham Hotspur found the going hard. Once they were saved from bankruptcy by a hastily arranged military tournament.

Eventually the club was made a limited company, and successful seasons in the Southern League established them as one of the greatest teams in the South of England.

The need for a first-class ground became acute, and it was suggested by one member that the garden of the White Hart Inn, which still stands in Tottenham High Road, would make an ideal ground. The “garden” had been used for tomato cultivation and was very large. A deal was completed, and the Spurs moved into their present home.

It took years before the magnificent enclosure was constructed. In the three years before the war over £50,000 was spent in making the enclosure among the finest in the land.

High on top of the “old” stand is a rooster, made of copper, and there is an interesting story concerning this.

When the Spurs won their way into the First Division in 1909—after winning the F.A. Cup in 1901—William Scott, one of their players, designed this rooster. When it was completed, coins and a club shirt of the year were placed inside the rooster, which continues to look down upon the changing fortunes of a great club.

George Hardy, trainer of the Spurs, has been in charge of footballers for thirty-six years. Yet he has never played the game himself! Scores of stars, however, have been developed by him.

In the Tottenham dressing-room there is no locker bearing the number “13.” I asked George Hardy if there was a reason for this.

“Yes,” he said. “Some years ago a certain player kept getting nasty injuries. No sooner did he recover from one hurt and return to the field than he would get another. His pals looked around for some reason. You see, he was a ‘gentleman footballer’ and did not ask for trouble.

“At last they spotted the ‘13’ on his locker. It was suggested that he changed lockers. He did—and his fortune also changed, for the better.”

To make sure that there can be no repetition of this, locker number thirteen has been removed!

Answers to Mixed Doubles.
(a) PIG & WHISTLE.
(b) BRICKS & MORTAR.

Solution to Allied Ports:
MOGADOR.

Answer to WHO IS IT?
STEVE DONOGHUE

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

SNOBBERY



"Lay off that air of superiority, you walk around like an aristocrat. You're not the only one who reads 'Good Morning.'"



"Oh, for goodness sake, stop talking. I know I'm the most wonderful baby in the world, but for the love of Mike let me get some sleep."



SIR . . .
YOUR PRESENCE
IS REQUESTED

This England

Whether it's salmon fishing or tiddler teasing, there's not the slightest doubt that this fishing game is fascinating, plus.



"You don't seem quite so chirrupy now you're out of your cage. Not so cocky, huh? Ah, well, it's about time you came off your perch. NOW we can become friends."

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Fish for Lunch, see you later."

